

The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

VOL. I.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

THE HONOLULU TIMES.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT.....Editor

All communications to the Honolulu Times should be sent in at least three days before publication signed by the author, to the office, 82 Merchant street.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER, 1902.

"For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth; so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him. Look how wide also the east is from the west; so far hath he set our sins from us.

Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children; even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him. For he knoweth whereof we are made: he remembereth that we are but dust.

The days of man are but as grass; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the merciful goodness of the Lord endeth forever and ever upon them that fear him: and his righteousness upon children's children."

THAT LITTLE CHAP OF MINE.

(Mrs. Ida Goldsmith Morris, of Glasgow, Ky., some time ago wrote a poem entitled, "That Little Chap of Mine." It was copied everywhere, the Southern Clipping Bureau reporting over a thousand papers that had used it. Then it traveled to England, and went the rounds there.)

"I know I'm jest an ordinary easy-goin' cuss,

'Bout like the common run of men, no better an' no wuss.

I can't lay claim to anything as fur as looks may go,

An' when it come to l'arning, why I don't stand any show;

But thar must be somethin' more in me than other folks kin see.

'Cause I've got a little chap at home that thinks a heap of me.

"I've had my ups and downs in life, as all folks have, I guess.

An', take it all in all, I couldn't brag on much success;

But it braces up a feller an' it tickles him to know

Thar's someone that takes stock in him, no matter how things go;

An' when I get the worst of it, I'm proud as I kin be

To know that little chap of mine still thinks a heap of me.

"To feel his little hand in mine so clingin' and so warm.

To know he thinks I'm strong enough to keep him safe from harm;

To see his lovin' faith in all that I kin say or do—

It sort o' shames a feller, but it makes him better, too;

That's why I try to be the man he fancies me to be,

Jest 'cause that little chap of mine he thinks a heap of me.

"I wouldn't disappoint his trust for anything on earth,

Or let him see how little I jest naturally am worth

An' after all it's easy, up the better road to climb,

With a little hand to help you on an' guide you all the time;

An' I reckon I'm a better man than what I used to be,

Since I've got a little chap at home that thinks a heap of me."

MYSTERIES OF LIFE AT LOS ANGELES.

From the latest local directory the Los Angeles Times has made a

compilation of the number of persons engaged in various occupations in that city. As the results are of more than local interest, the list is given here:

Attorneys.	438
Barbers.	190
Carpenters.	110
Cigar and tobacco.	135
Building contractors.	182
Dentists.	125
Dressmakers.	247
Fuel and feed.	111
Grocers.	438
Insurance agents.	158
Meat markets.	120
Mining companies.	102
Nurses.	107
Oil companies.	144
Physicians.	494
Real Estate agents.	446
Restaurants.	130
Rooms to rent.	535
Saloons.	192
Shoemakers.	124
Tailors.	139
Music teachers.	235

From this it appears that the leading occupation in Los Angeles is keeping "rooms to let," there being no less than 525 persons so engaged. But the doctors make a strong showing, coming next in order, only a little less than 500. The Times estimates the proportion at one doctor to every fifty families.

There is also a dauntless little army of 446 real estate agents though how they all live is a wonder. Yet the problem of existence for them is probably no greater than for most of the 438 attorneys not to mention the 235 music teachers and others.

It has always been a good deal of a puzzle to visitors what the people of Los Angeles live upon aside from climate, and this list from the Times does not help to solve the mystery. No doubt the